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EVOLUTION.

WHETHER MESSRS. Darwin, Huxley and their co-laborers in the cause of evolution ever went to a sick orang-outang for information we are not informed, but it is very certain that, had they done so, they might very often have obtained much that would be of value to them—as, for instance, in the case before us, where a most impressive temperance lecture is being delivered without any assistance from the organs of speech, which are, indeed, in the present case, in no condition to be used, and that without any reference to their stage of development. If, as Mr. Darwin says, we all must go to the monkey tribes for our pedigrees—thus confirming Lord Monboddo's idea that men were originally created with tails—and if we are looking, in Mr. Max's picture, on an ancestral portrait, we are bound to say that our progenitor has undoubtedly been very drunk, and is now, clearly, exceedingly miserable.

We are sorry for the old gentleman, for it is evident that he is not used to such experiences and has not yet become accustomed to the ways of his descendants, who can hardly claim to have inherited from him a taste for strong drink, whatever other propensity he may have bestowed on them.

Indeed, if the evolution theory be correct, and we have no option but to accept the "primordial germ" as the common origin of all living things that are in the earth, it would be interesting subject for inquiry to ascertain when in the series of evolutions man, the primeval *hom*, or the antecedent monkey—whichever it might be—began to make alcoholic liquors and drink them, and then, having drunk them, to suffer the avenging headache.

So far as we know, man is the only animal who makes or habitually uses alcohol, and he might be defined with considerable accuracy as the animal who gets drunk. And yet who shall say that some of the lower animals do not have ways and means of producing what must be considered a pretty respectable sort of intoxication? The performances of a cat, for instance, over a bed of fresh catnip, and her subsequent condition of quiet drowsiness and lassitude, are strongly indicative of something exceedingly like

intoxication, if it is indeed anything else. There are other animals, too, which find in the vegetable kingdom substances which seem to have a pleasant effect upon them, but in none of these cases do they manufacture the article in question, nor do they use them habitually. We must conclude, that man remains the only animal that gets drunk, and unless Mr. Darwin can show us when in the "struggle for existence" the taste for alcohol came in, we must conclude that it made its first appearance with man.

But by what kind of "survival of the fittest" are we to account for this preservation? We can under-

stand some of the ingenious explanations of the evolutionists—such, for instance, as the gradual disappearance of tails when the introduction of trousers had rendered them both unnecessary and inconvenient. We have no especial objection to the *hipparion*, or to Mr. Huxley's geological birds and reptiles; but we confess we can not comprehend the survival of a propensity which certainly seems to take its possessor entirely out of the category of the fittest.

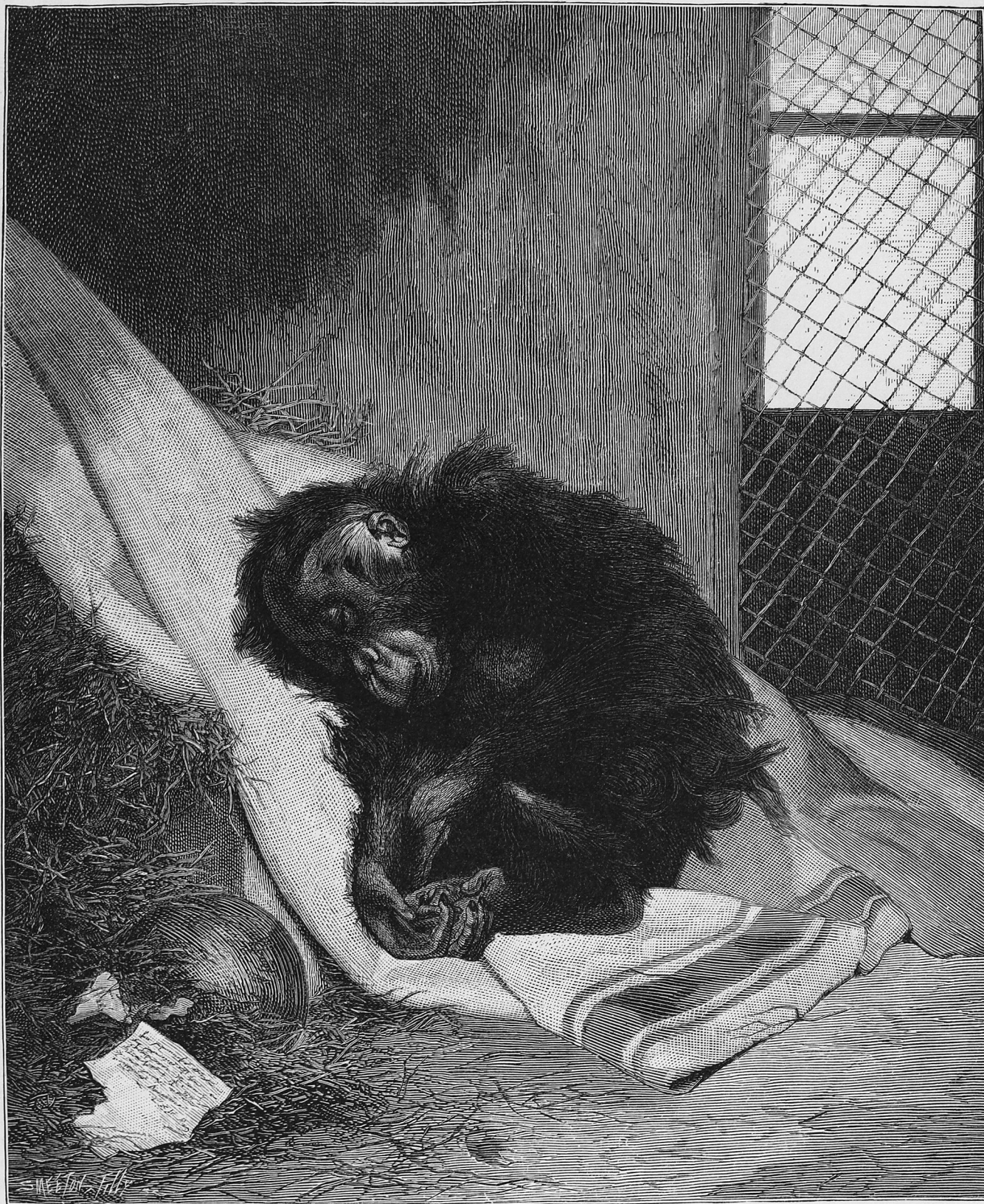
In the case which Mr. Max has represented it is very clear that our Darwinian progenitor has come from his native woods to learn the art and mystery of drunkenness from the children of men. He never dreamed of such an experience when roaming a free-born orang-outang through the woods and over the

plains of Africa; and, if he recovers this time—which would appear to be not altogether certain, as he seems to be in very bad case—he will never repeat the experience. The painter of this picture needs no introduction to our readers, who remember his "Last Token," engraved in Part 3, and since exhibited in the Loan Collection.

EUGÈNE FROMENTIN.

Upon the wall near the window of the small room to the right, after traversing the long corridor opposite the entrance

of the Museum of the Luxembourg, is a picture that, by its pleasing composition, its graceful drawing, and, more than all, its charming colors, attracts all visitors. The painting is a representation of "Arabs Hawking," and was painted by Eugène Fromentin. Another picture, "Robbers of the Night," in the same long corridor, is by the same hand. The hand is still; the artist is dead. All those who are interested in modern French art will study Fromentin, whose personality and brilliant "key" of color place him in the first rank of those colorists who have merited the title of "Orientalists," and who have a separate place in art. No one has ever better rendered the mysterious charm of an African night, which seems actually day otherwise illumined. Fromentin says of himself that 'he is a man wandering, and who passionately loves blue,' and certainly nobody has rendered it better.



A SICK ORANG-OUTANG. — AFTER GABRIEL MAX.

He was twenty-seven when he exhibited his first picture, "The Gorges of the Cliffs." In 1849 he obtained a second-class medal, much to the delight of his master, Cabat. A happy chance procured Fromentin an archæological mission into Africa. He remained a long time in this country that he had chosen for the "country of his brush," and in which he wished to struggle against the Décamps and Marillats. Returning to France in 1859, he received a first medal and the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and was made an officer of the same order ten years later, in 1869.

Fromentin was also a distinguished writer, as his last book, "The Old Masters," will testify. His first work, *hors ligne*, was "Summer in the Sahara." He

published successively "Artistic Visits," "Simple Pilgrimages," "A Year in the Sahel," and a romance entitled "Dominique" — works all entitling him to a seat in the Institute, which his unexpected death prevented his taking. At Paris he lived in a small hotel, formerly the atelier of Diaz, the artist, in the Place Pigalle, where he had also one of the most beautiful ateliers in the city. Fromentin was small in stature, dry, nervous and rather bald, with a little the appearance of a military man. His loss will be regretted by all the young artists, as he had great influence in the juries of the Salon. — J. S. D.

FURNITURE AT THE CENTENNIAL.

AMONG the most attractive of the exhibits at the Centennial were those of artistic furniture, as was clearly evidenced by the crowds who gathered about them. This was a gratifying sign to the genuine lover of art, as proving how much our people are becoming interested in this most important of what may be termed the art industries. The furniture of a house forms so much more than anything else in it a part of the home, that its form and character takes an importance scarcely, if at all, less than that of the house itself. Indeed, an architecturally bad, even hideous house may be made to seem home-like and attractive, to either inhabitant or visitor, by a skillful use of artistic furniture and decorations, while inartistic and ugly furniture will effectually destroy the charm of the most correctly planned and carefully built house. In both cases the effect of the interior upon the mind does away with that of the exterior, in the one case for the worse, in the other for the better. Certainly, artistic furniture in an architecturally correct house is to be preferred, but if we can have but one, we should give preference to the furniture, since one sees so much more of the inside than of the outside of his house. It is doubtful if the production even of bad pictures be not a more excusable offense than the manufacture of bad furniture, since they are seen by fewer people, and also because, while one may refrain from buying bad pictures — especially since THE ALDINE gives him faithful reproductions of the best — no one can live without furniture; and good furniture — artistically and constructionally good — ought to be as cheap as bad.

That it is not so must be confessed, a fact for which two reasons may be found — or rather, perhaps, two in one — the first being a lack of taste on the part of buyers, and the other an unscrupulous desire to get money on the part of manufacturers. At any rate, be this as it may, the Exhibition has plainly shown that while American manufacturers can produce furniture as good as any made in the world, they have not done so to any great or general extent, and that in face of the fact that our native woods furnish materials not excelled in the world. As a consequence — we say it with regret — the show of American furniture at Philadelphia was not one to make the heart of the æsthetically inclined American leap high with

any particular amount of patriotic pride. There were honorable exceptions, but as a rule the American exhibit was not one to be proud of, while at the same time it furnished a correct reflex of the interior of the average American home, the tastes of its occupants and the skill of our manufacturers in supplying the article demanded — or in stimulating the demand for what they manufacture.

For the best examples, therefore, of really good furniture, the visitor was necessarily obliged to go to the foreign departments, and in several of these, it must be said, the artistic tastes of the visitor could be very fully gratified.

It is probable that most visitors awarded the palm to the English manufacturers, both for excellence of manufacture and severe taste, although many may have been inclined to think the ideas of solidity and severity carried somewhat too far in many instances.



CARVED BOUDOIR STAND.

Flimsiness, and what has been expressively, if inelegantly, called "gingerbread work," have not, however, usually been faults of English workmanship or of English architecture, and an error on the side of too much heaviness, especially in furniture, is much easier pardoned than its opposite.

Sir Charles Eastlake has certainly done much to improve English tastes in this direction, though he has not, of course, been the only worker in the field. This fact was sufficiently demonstrated in the English exhibit at Philadelphia, as all those will remember who lingered — and who did not? — around the miniature furnished and decorated rooms, so cleverly and so tastefully arranged by several leading manufacturers in the British section.

Without specifying by name any manufactories or attempting to draw any invidious comparisons, we may mention a few objects which attracted great attention, and worthily.

A sideboard of dark oak, magnificently carved, probably set more than one observer to wishing him-

self, or herself, the happy owner of that or its exact fellow, not only for the "eminent respectability" its possession might be supposed to confer — a feeling which would affect the merest tyro in such things — but for the real beauty of its carvings, in keeping with the massive grandeur of its architecture — one can think of no lesser word to apply to any structure so magnificent.

A dining-room set in mahogany, but with a less massive effect, and the sideboard smaller and less elaborately carved, excited great admiration, as did an inlaid mahogany sideboard. Indeed, the use made of mahogany by English manufacturers must have astonished some of our people, with whom that wood has "gone out of fashion" of late years, owing, no doubt, in great part to the want of taste and skill shown by our cabinet-makers in its manipulation. It is really a beautiful wood, as all must admit who

give it unprejudiced consideration. In fact, everybody does admit it, so far as concerns old mahogany furniture, the prejudice seeming to be against new furniture of this material, the old being praised for its rich tints by some, and by others on account, we suspect, of its age. Now, that age can not be secured except by the one process of waiting the lapse of years we are willing to admit, but that rich warm tints may be obtained by proper handling was abundantly proven in the English exhibit. Mahogany is a really American wood, and certainly ought to have its merits as fairly appreciated this side the Atlantic as the other.

Besides the articles mentioned, there were sets in satinwood, a material peculiarly adapted to certain styles of furniture, lighter in their general outlines, as well as in color, than those of oak or mahogany. The carved boudoir stand illustrated by us, though lighter than most of the work in the British department, shows what may be done by the accomplished workman in these materials. Mahogany inlaid with satinwood gives a beautiful effect, as in a secretary of these materials shown by a well-known London firm.

A side-table of satinwood and hawthorn, in the style of the last century, was also very beautiful.

The English did not entirely monopolize, by any means, the exhibition of excellent furniture, but their show was so much superior in many respects to that of any of the other European nations, that it fairly deserved to be first mentioned. The French exhibit was particularly meagre, they showing almost nothing in the way of ordinary household furniture, and those who would like to know what sort of furniture an ordinary French house contains, must either import some specimens or go to France. Except a wardrobe, with mirrors so arranged as to swing around and show the figure from all sides, and a few fancy tables inlaid with porcelain, and some knick-knacks of that sort, there was absolutely nothing to be mentioned aside from a cabinet of ebony and lapis-lazuli, style of Henry II., marked something over six thousand dollars, and a large book-case of carved walnut, style of Louis XV., for which five thousand dollars were wanted. Both were beautiful, but of no sort